

THE
OPERATOR:
A
BALLAD OPERA.



L O N D O N:

Printed for the AUTHOR, and Sold by T. PAYNE Bookseller, in
Round-Court in the Strand, opposite York-Buildings. 1740.

39.
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345.



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Dr. *Hurry*, an Oculist.

His Secretary, to sound his Praise.

Mr. *Galen*, an Apothecary.

Mr. *Fallopious*, a Surgeon.

Dr. *Curious*, a Graduate Physician.

Mr. *Temple*, a young Lawyer, an Admirer of *Sukey*.

Mr. *Deeds*, a Lawyer, Friend to *Temple*.

1st Gentleman in the Coffee-House.

2d Gentleman.

3d Gentleman.

1st Patient.

2d Patient.

3d Patient.

W O M E N.

Sukey Sprightly, a Girl carried abroad by *Hurry*.

Sarah Private, another Girl.

Dr. *Hurry*'s Wife.

Mistress of the Coffee-House.

1st Girl of Pleasure.

2d Girl.

3d Girl.

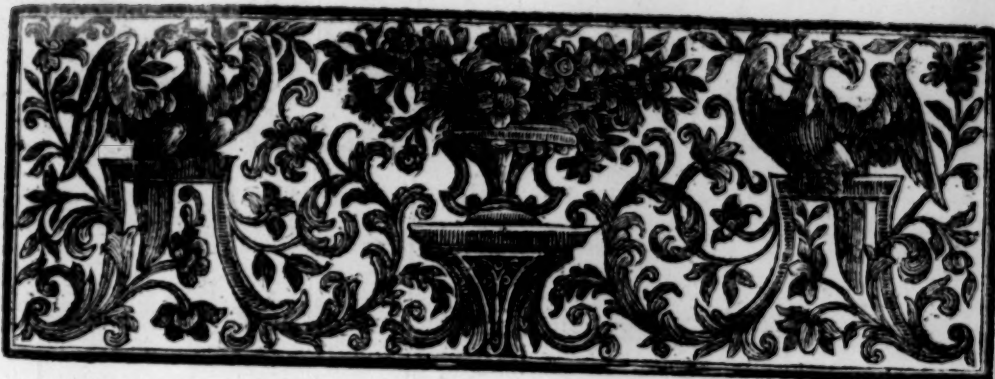
Landlord, Drawer, Footboy, Barber, Horse-letter, Schoolmaster, Broker, Washerwoman, Nurse, Patients, Tradesmen.

SCENE, ^Δ A COFFEE-HOUSE.



NOT A T O R

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T H E
O P E R A T O R.

S C E N E I.

A C O F F E E - H O U S E .

1st Gentleman.



Dish of Coffee, Boy !

Mistress. Frank, Coffee there.

Frank. Coming, Sir.

2^d Gent. A Dish of Tea.

Mist. Yes, Sir.

3^d Gent. It's a lamentable Thing, Madam, one can't have
a Dram ; what shall we do ?

B

Mist.

The OPERATOR:

Mist. For my Part, Sir, it is not one Act, nor twenty-one Acts, that shall hinder me from a Cup of Comfort; I always keep two Gallons in a Corner.

3d Gent. Have you seen Mr. *Fallopious* the Surgeon to-day?

Mist. I expect him every Minute; he usually comes about eleven, and truly here he comes.

Enter Fallopious.

3d Gent. Good Morrow; Sir, how is it with you? what News?

Fal. Are you in a Coffee-House before me, and ask me what News?

3d Gent. What do you hear abroad, Sir?

Fal. Why, there is a confounded Noise about him they call Doctor *Hurry*, the Oculist; he has been not only all over *England*, but in *Holland* and *France*, and now is come to *London*.

1st Gent. I was at *Rotterdam* while he was there, when he he had with him two Girls in Breeches: I'faith *Mynheer Vander Belch* and *Snorten* had like to have been up with him; for the Joke took Wind; but Dr. *Hurry* went off in a Hurry.

2d Gent. I was coming from *Italy*, and stopping a while at *Paris*, the Doctor was there, and, as I heard, had just made an Attempt to steal a rich Nun out of the Convent; but the holy Fathers, with a Jesuitical Sagacity, render'd his Design abortive; for they know what to do with Nuns themselves, especially rich ones; however, he was glad to take Post, and get off.

Fal. It would be good Sport to go to this *Hurry's* House, and observe how he juggles the Unwary out of their Ready

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----; I think to do so with Dr. *Curious*, and Mr. *Galen* the Apothecary.

2d Gent. I believe I know as much of the History of Quack *Hurry* as any Man; for several of my Friends have been lighten'd in their Purses by his Legerdemain Tricks.

Fal. Sir, don't refuse the Company the Pleasure of a second *Don Quixot's* History; let's have it, pray.

2d Gent. Why, *Hurry* first set out to cure bad Eyes, equipp'd with the Science of a Farrier, and, I believe, no more; so that Woe was to them, that first fell under his Operations. His Way was to found his own Fame in Paragraphs in the Home-News; juggle at one Town, and pass on to another, and another, before News of his Pranks could reach that he was at. -----

You must know, at all those Places, One call'd his Secretary, talk'd to the People, as if the Doctor had not come about Business, but that however it might be possible to prevail on him to operate, which he undertook to bring about; but without Fee or Reward, you may be sure.

Mist. Begging your Pardon, Gentlemen, I and my Husband kept an Inn then on the Road to *Harwich*, when the Oculist you mention gull'd our Justice out of three Guineas for curing my Lady's Lap-Dog's fore Eyes; for he was never a whit the clearer: But he had one good Quality, he loves a Wench; for he had two in Breeches with him in our House.

1st Gent. I find our Landlady has had a View of the Fair-ones without their Petticoats, as well as I.

2d Gent. In his Progress, as he call'd it, he carried off a fond young Girl, whom, to come at, he married, tho' he

The OPERATOR:

had a Wife then: She call'd herself the Doctor's second Wife.

3d Gent. Merry enough truly! I have heard the same.

Mist. I can't help laughing to think how many Pulls he made at our Cook *Nell*: She was a cherry-cheeked Girl, but would not come to. *(Laughs.*

2d Gent. To compleat the History, the Doctor having bubbled the Country, and left a renown'd Name behind him, comes to Town, where setting up a brilliant Equipage, he applied for a large Pension, which not seeing coming, he sets his Trumpets to blow in Home-News, and opens the Scene of Cups and Balls here. As to the Learning of this Operator, I believe it fully comes up to that of the Doctor that used to frequent *Covent-Garden*, Market-Days, on a spotted Horse.

Fal. We are obliged to you, Sir, for your relating the Progress of our Oculist: What say ye all, Gentlemen, will ye accompany me by and by to Dr. *Curious's* House, and go together to the Oculist's to see what passes there?

All answer. Ay, ay.

Fal. Adieu Madam; if you see Mr. *Galen* the Apothecary, tell him he is desired to be at Dr. *Curious's* by and by; he'll see some Sport. *(Exeunt Omnes.*

SCENE

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SCENE II.

A Hall; with many People, Patients, several having their Eyes covered with Cloths, &c.

1st Patient. I Hope, good Folks, the Doctor don't take Money, does he?

2d Pat. Not a Farthing, Neighbours; he never took Money in his Life; all for Charity here; he's a rare Man.

3d Pat. But Friends, I have heard that he has a Secretary, that holds out his Palm; but hush, somebody is coming?

Enter the Secretary dress'd after the French Mode.

1st Pat. Pray, worthy Sir, shan't we have the Doctor's Help to-day? We have waited a good while.

Secr. It is your Business so to do when you apply to great Men: The Doctor has had thirteen Lords and Dukes with him to-day already.

2d Pat. He's a great learned Man.

Enter the Oculist's Wife with a Tea Spoon, and a quarter-pint Vial of Liquid Snuff. -- They all bow.

Ocul. Wife. Here, good People, take this Snuff; the Doctor will be here as soon as the Lords are gone.

Gives them of the Liquid Snuff. They Sneeze.

Enter Dr. Hurry, the Oculist, from an Inner-Room, in a Silk Gown and tied Peruke, a dirty Handkerchief about his Neck, a Footboy following.

Ocul. Mon Garçon! -- Secretary! have all these good People had my Snuff?

Secr.

The OPERATOR:

Secr. Yes, Sir, Madam gave it to 'em all ; but shou'd all have it, Sir.

Ocul. All, all ! it's a Panacæa, cures in all Cafes, curable and incurable.--- They are all alike to me.

Takes one of the Patients and looks on him.

That's a *Gutta Serena* ; the Cure will cost you three Guineas. (But he'll never be well) [*Aside.*]

Pat. I thought, worthy Sir, we were to pay nothing ; I was told the News said so.

Ocul. Nothing, nothing, to me, my Love ; it's for the Poor's Medicines. What's your Name ? Where do you live ? What are you ?

Pat. I'm a Shoe-maker, Sir.

Ocul. Go pawn some of your Boots, and come to-morrow.

He looks on another, a Woman.

Yours is a very bad Cafe ; it will take a good while to cure you ; it will cost you four Guineas.

Pat. Why, noble Sir, it is in the News, that all Poor shall be cured *gratis* ; *gratis*, I think they call it.

Ocul. Why, my Dear, I print nothing ; do you think I ever put myself in the News ? None but Quacks do that. --- O for shame ! you pay me nothing ! what you give buys Remedies for the Poor.---What are you, pr'ythee ?

Pat. I am a Man's Wife that sticks up the Play-House Bills, Sir.

Ocul. Ay, you are a clever Girl ; go earn Money in the Piazza at Night, and come to-morrow.

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Looks on another, a Woman.

Well, what ails you ? (I like this Girl, i'faith, ---)
[*Aside.*] Secretary, take this Girl up two Pair of Stairs, I'll examine her alone.

Looks on another, a Man.

My Love, your Case will take up some Time ; it will cost you a Trifle, six Guineas.

Pat. Why, Sir, I have brought no Money ; I thought to pay nothing.

Ocul. Why, it's not for me ; I tell you, I do all for Charity ; you support the Poor only. What are you ?

Pat. I'm a Butler to a Knight, Sir.

Ocul. Please my Lady, when the Knight's out of the Way, and she'll enable you to come to me in a pleasing Way.

Looks on a Child in a Woman's Arms.

Well, good Woman, what ails your Child ?

Wom. It's Eyes are main bad, Sir ; but I'm very poor ; I've nothing to give, good Sir.

Ocul. No Matter for that ; but I'm extremely busy to-day. —You must call another Time.— (You're none of the Patients I want) [*Aside.*]

Looks on another Man, with his Eyes tied up.

Let's see what ails you ; this Man will never see ; however, if he has any Money, I must see some of that, [*Aside.*]—Well, Friend, you'll be cured in about a Week ; you must leave two Guineas with my Man to buy your Medicines.

Pat. I have but one, Sir.

Ocul. Give it me. --You have a Watch there, hant you ?

Pat.

The OPERATOR:

Pat. Yes, Sir, I'll leave it, if you please, till I bring the other Guinea.

Ocul. Do so, my Dear.--(*puts it up*) It's a good Prize.
[*Aside.*]

Looks on another Man.

Well Friend, what Employ are you of?

Pat. I'm a Sollicitor, Sir.

Ocul. Be honest in one single Cause, a Blessing will attend, and you'll get Money ; and then come hither again.

Looks on another Man.

What Trade are you ?

Pat. I'm--Master of a Ship, Sir.

Ocul. Lend a helping Hand to the Smugglers, and never fear doing well ; then let me see you.

On another Man.

Pray, Sir, what do you follow ?

Pat. I'm an Exciseman, Sir.

Ocul. Go to Bed when you shou'd be on your Duty, and hold out your Palm next Day to the Man you favour, and you can't fail ; then meet me here.

Looks on another Man.

Pray, Sir, what Trade are you of ?

Pat. I'm a Quack by *Fleet-Ditch*, Sir.

Ocul. Set up Inoculation for a Bubble, and you'll fare well ; then visit me.

On another Man.

Well, Sir, what is your Complaint ?

Pat. Bad Eyes, sore Eyes, Sir.

Ocul. Are you not a Pawnbroker, Sir ?

Pat. I find you know me, good Sir ; yes.

Ocul.

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Ocul. I think you have 6 *d.* for a Pound for a Month ; that's 30 *per Cent.* is it not ? Very often you have 6 *d.* for a Day for a Pound ; if so, that's 912 *per Cent.* Take 1800 *per Cent.* and all the World will love you, and you'll never want Money, then pay me a Visit here ; and, d'y'hear, never refuse stolen Goods ; that's a rare Article too in your Business.

Looks on another, a Gentleman in fine Cloaths, with his Eyes tied up.

Sir, I ask your Pardon, I did not see you before, because of the Hurry of my Practice : Let me see, — why, Sir, (he's as blind as my Posts ; but he looks as if he had Money [*Aside*] it's my Opinion, you may be cured in two Days ; but you'll be pleas'd to leave 50 Guineas for the poor Patients.

Pat. There it is, Sir. (*Gives it.*)

Ocul. Before ten Days come about, I shall set out to Travel — — — Let them rail then. [*Aside.*

Ocul. Be in the Way Secretary, I must go to the Duke's.
(*Exit the Room in a Hurry.*)

1st Pat. I believe the Doctor is a great Man ; but I thought he never took Money.

2^d Pat. Can't you hear no better than see ? Don't he tell you it's put to the Poor's Use ?

3^d Pat. Ay, Heaven blefs him, he is a charitable Man !

Secr. I believe, good People, ye had best go now, and come next public Day, next *Friday* ; for the Doctor has six and twenty Peers and Peereffes to visit to-day.

(*Exeunt omnes bowing.*)

C

Enter

The OPERATOR.

Enter Oculist, dress'd very fine.

Ocul. I believe I made the most of them ; did not I ?

Secr. You might have had a 100 Guineas of the last Gentleman.

Ocul. So I might, Pox on my Bashfulness ! What need I trouble myself ? I shall be soon abroad on my Tour : I hope to make a good Hand on't abroad. Have you taken Care to send my Advertisement to the *Dutch Gazetteer* ?

Secr. Yes, Sir.

Ocul. I'll go and see my Girls *Sukey Sprightly*, and *Sarah Private*, and be back presently : Perhaps more Fish may come to our Net to-day.

(Exit in a Chair.)

Enter Oculist's Wife.

Wife. I don't think, Mr. *Secretary*, my Husband makes the most of People ; you should look sharp. --- If I was to manage, I'd pick Money out of them, or I'd pick their Teeth out.--I'm sure he has need of it as he lives.--If he don't find Money soon for his Taylor, I'm sure he'll serve him as the Man did lately that lets him his Horses ; and you know how that was as well as I. --- He's gone, I dare say, to see the two Girls he had at *Rotterdam* ; but i'faith he has more need of good Soup than Girls, if I know how Matters stand.

(Exit.)

(Somebody knocks at the Door.)

Enter Dr. Curious a Physician, Mr. Fallopius a Surgeon, and Mr. Galen an Apothecary.

Fal. Is Doctor *Hurry* within, Sir ?

Secr. I'll go and tell him you are here : Gentlemen, pray sit down.

Gal.

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I I

Gal. I hear *Hurry* is about to publish a Treatise on the Disorders of the Eyes; has he Learning enough for that?

Dr. Cur. Why, Mr. *Galen*, don't you know that there are Authors that can't write at all, and that there are Hirelings ready to do any Thing for Pay? ---Are not you sensible there are People that seem to know many Languages, that know none? Are you unacquainted with *Salmon's Druggist's Shop opened*, embellished with all the fix learned Languages, *Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, Chaldee*, besides the *Samaritan*? Who did not understand *English*. We shall hear what this Charlatan understands by and bye.

Galen. I suppose he's like most of the World, Outside.

A I R I.

Gal. *The Soldier's Habit 'est does hide,
 A Man of servile Spirit;
The Cassock cover Sloth and Pride,
 And Persons of no Merit.
Behind a Title Grandeur lurks,
 To bide its monstrous Vices;
For Gold with Men so strongly works,
 It turns them all to Graces,*

A Knocking at the Door.

Enter Dr. Hurry and Secretary.

Dr. Cur. *Clarissime vir, fama tua tetigit aures meas, indique per longum tempus tactus fui desiderio cum dominatione vestra colloquium habere circa quasdam res curiosas.*

The OPERATOR:

Oculist, leaning his Head over his Shoulder to his Secretary. What the Plague does he say now ; who brought him to plague me ?

Secr. I believe he speaks *Latin*, Sir ; but what it is, the Lord Bishop knows.

Ocul. Sir, I always had an Averſion to *Latin*.

Dr. Cur. I thought you was a Doctor of Phyſick, Sir ?

Ocul. I purchaſed a Diploma, indeed, for Gold at *Padua*.

Dr. Cur. Why, that's the Place, where they ſay, *Accipimus aſini pecuniam, & mittimus eum in ſuam patriam*.

Ocul. There he is again with his damn'd *Latin* ; I thought I ſhould be plagued with him ; I wiſh he was gone. *(Aſide.*

I always hated *Latin*, Sir : *French* is much genteeler. I ſpeak *French*, Sir.

Dr. Cu. Then we'll ſpeak a Tongue that ſuits you beſt. Can you cure a *Gutta Serena*, Sir ?

Ocul. With one Drop of my *Collyrium*, Sir.

Dr. Cur. I ſuppoſe you cure with the ſame Facility all Diſorders of the Sight ?

Ocul. All, all, none baffle my Remedies.

Dr. Cur. Why, we account there are three Hundred incident to the Eyes, and that two of the three Hundred are incurable.

Ocul. May be ſo, Sir ; but what's impoſſible to others is not to me : Why, Sir, I have made a Pair of Glaſs-Eyes, that could ſee, before now.

Dr. Cur. That's wonderful, Sir ! Monſtrous Ignorance and Impudence mix'd ! *(Aſide.*

Fal.

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Fal. I should be glad to ask a Question or two in Anatomy, as I'm a Surgeon.

Ocul. I have no Time for Questions, Sir; never any Duke had so much of my Time as you have had; but I'll oblige you with a View of my Instruments, if you please.

Gal. You will much oblige us, Sir.

Ocul. Secretary, fetch my Box. --- Now, Gentlemen, you shall behold and wonder, they're all of my own Contrivance.

Enter Secretary with a Box.

Ocul. See here now is an Instrument, (*shews one*) with which I cut quite through the Sight, and cure the Eye afterwards, so as to see.---Here's another that takes the Eyes quite out of the Head, and puts 'em in next Day, so as to be as good as yours or mine.

Fal. You shew us Wonders indeed. -- Monstrous Impudence! (*Aside.*)

Ocul. Now, Gentlemen, I must beg your Pardon, I'm going to several Peers.

*(Exeunt Curious, Fallop, and Galen, saying your
Servant, and laugh.)*

Ocul. Look ye, Secretary, take you care in the future, that no graduate Physicians, nor any of these knowing People come at me to plague me with their *Latin* and *Greek*; you know I hate 'em. Besides, I have no Business with 'em: I must have an Eye to the main Chance; that's the fullest Purse; that's my Business. -- Where's your Mistress?

Secr. She's gone to *Brompton*, Sir, with the old Lady that us'd to visit her.

Ocul.

The OPERATOR.

Ocul. I'm glad on't; for I expect my two Girls to-day, that were with me in *Holland*: Be you secret, Sirrah?

Secr. As a Secretary, Sir, never fear.

(Exit.

Somebody knocks at the Door, which the Foot-boy comes to open.

Enter Sukey and Sarah.

Suk. Here's our dear Doctor. (*runs to kiss him.*)

Sar. Ay, here he is. (*kisses him too.*)

Ocul. What the Pox came of ye? I thought ye were gone to *Holland* again without me. How do ye both?

Suk. We heard Madam was abroad.

Ocul. Nay, Madam, she need not have prevented your coming: I'm not so much afraid of my Wife, as to debar myself the Pleasure of your Company.

Suk. Nay, if you were, it's many an honest Man's Case.

A I R II.

*The Statesman so wise,
Will plot and advise,
And be a whole Nation's Director;
Yet even this Sage
Is put in a Rage,
And govern'd by some Female Hector.
The Soldier oft' treats
Of many bold Feats,
In bravely defending his Life, Sir;
And tho' in the Field
He made his Foes yield,
Is bully'd at Home by his Wife, Sir.*

Sar.

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Sar. We hope she won't be back in a Hurry; for we expect Mr. *Temple*, a Friend, by and bye.

Ocul. Garçon, bring a Bottle of Wine and Glasses,
(*Exit, and returns with them.*)

Come, Girls, here's a Health to Mynheer *Vandermere* of *Rotterdam*.—He loves a Girl.—*Drinks.*

Suk. We'll drink the Healths of all them that do.

Sar. We hope you meet with good Booty in your Practice, Doctor: Do they come down well? For a Doctor without Money will make but a poor Figure.

A I R III.

*Each Trade and Profession,
In every Nation,
Have all but one End in their View;
The Wise will for ever
For Money endeavour,
And boldly that Blessing pursue:
Nor Schemes, nor Contrivance,
Nor Plots, nor Connivance,
They stop at to purchase the Prize:
Who has that in Possession,
Secures Reputation,
And is counted both Virtuous and Wise.*

Suk. You advise right.—And the Doctor's Management is a plain Proof he knows the Worth of it.

A I R

A I R IV.

*With a wheedling Tongue smooth as Oil,
 A fine Coat, long Wig, and a Sword,
 What Man with these Tools can't he foil?
 Who dares doubt the fine Doctor's Word?
 But since Roguery sometimes does meet
 The Halter, instead of a Prize;
 That his Patient mayn't see the Deceit,
 He puts out (most wisely) their Eyes.*

A Knocking at the Door.

Enter Mr. Temple, a young Attorney.

Ocul. Your Servant, Sir; pray be seated.

Sar. You are welcome, Sir.

Suk. We are glad of your Company.

Tem. I'm glad to find you all together; it's what I wish'd.—I have heard much of the Doctor's Fame, but never had the Honour of his Acquaintance. Pray, Doctor, what's your Opinion of the late Sir *William Read*?

Ocul. A mere Nurse, a mere Washerwoman, in respect of what I do.—Why, Sir, what do you think of the Improvements that I have made only in Glasses to assist the Sight? I have made such, by the Help of which, you may see the Great Mogul sit at Dinner from the Top of our Monument.

Tem. I heard of this Fellow's Way of puffing his own Praise; but did not think it came up to this. (*aside.*) That's wonderful indeed, Sir!

Sar.

Sar. Come, dear Doctor, Mr. *Temple* is a Well-wisher to the common Cause; he's a Friend, let us talk freely.

Suk. So he is — Doctor — Come, Mr. *Temple*, the Doctor's Health. (*Drinks.*)

Tem. I should be very sorry to do any Thing against the Doctor's Interest. I am a Lawyer, Doctor, and did we not use a little *Hocus Pocus* in our Province too, I don't know how sixty thousand of us should cut the Figure we do; but we take Men by their blind Sides as well as you.—I believe I'm of much the same Sentiments with you, Doctor; I love a Knave, but hate a Fool.—My Service to you, Sir, (*Drinks.*)

Ocul. I begin to like you, Sir, and I like the Counsel of a Lawyer given to his Son; Get Money honestly, Son, if you can; however, get Money.—I hate your soft-fighting Sons of Bitches, that won't strike a bold Stroke to come at Money.—Your Health, Sir. (*Drinks.*) I leave no Stone unturn'd; I had a Pull at a Burgomaster's Frow at *Amsterdam*, who I had near persuaded to pop off with me, but the *Dutchman* put a Spoke in my Wheel; plague take his Ill-nature.—I had Hopes in *France* to get off a Nun, and marry her with 20,000 *l.* but the Rogues the Priests were damn'd ill-natur'd. I wish I had them here, I'd rid them of some Utensils that Men have no Occasion for that are too holy to marry.

Tem. But I thought you had a Wife, Doctor.

Ocul. What signifies that? I'd have forty Wives to get forty thousand Pounds. I thought you had a better Notion of the World, and valued Money better.

Tem. I own I love Money, but had rather be without it than have so many Wives about me, for I think one too many. Pray, Doctor, what did you remark in *Holland* about the Learning of the *Dutch*.

D

Ocul.

Ocul. Faith, Sir, I never trouble my Head about Remarks of that Kind; my Business is Money; but I heard an *English* Gentleman say at honest *Cater's* in the *Wine-straat*, that a *Dutchman's* Library is made up of the History of *Robin Hood* and *Little John*, *Jack Straw*, *Mother Bunch*, *Fortunate* and *Unfortunate Jack*, *Valentine* and *Orson*, and the seven Champions of *Christendom*, and the last but one of which is their favourite Tract.

Tem. I believe their Ears are mostly open to them, that tell them of a Ship.

Sar. Come, Mr. *Temple*, you forget your Glafs; pray drink.

Tem. Madam, my Service to you. (*Drinks.*)

Ocul. Faith, Sir, if I may be free with you, as the Ladies say I may, mine is an odd History: I was first a small Time with a Surgeon; ran away, and then beat in a Mortar for an Apothecary; and next turned Oculist; when at first setting out I blinded three hundred People; but I got their Money, that was enough for me.

Tem. Ay, ay, Money is the Thing, which, thank Heaven, I'm in no Danger of wanting while Contention is so rife.

A I R V.

*It is by the Strife
That happens in Life
That Lawyers maintain their Grandeur.
Shou'd Quarrels once cease
And Men live in Peace,
They must all bid adieu to their Splendour.*

The

*The Satyrists too
 Would want work to do,
 And lose the dear Pleasure of talking;
 Who now in such Pride
 In Coaches do ride,
 Wou'd be glad of good Shoes for to walk in.*

And now, Doctor, Since I perceive your Good-ature,
 I'll make bold to ask a Favour of you.

Ocul. Ay, twenty if you please, Sir. What is it?

Tem. There is a Brother Lawyer of mine, who is blind;
 pray see whether you can't help him: He's at a Friend's
 House near, I'll fetch him.

Ocul. Do so, Sir. *(Exit Temple.*

Ocul. I'll serve Mr. Temple's Friend, if I can.

Suk. Pray do, Doctor, he will serve you.

Enter Temple with his Brother Lawyer, his Eyes covered.

Tem. Here is Mr. Deeds, Sir; but I believe nothing can
 be done for him.

Ocul. Let me see.

Looks on him.

No truly, Sir, I shall for once tell you my real Opinion;
 he's as blind as a Beetle; he'll never see.

Tem. I thought so myself; sit down Mr. Deeds, I'll return
 by and bye, and fetch you.

Deeds. Pray do, Sir, for you know I can't go by myself.
 Pray, Doctor, give me leave to stay till Mr. Temple comes
 back. *(Exit Temple.*

Ocul. You are welcome--to do what you please, Sir.

Deeds. Perhaps not, if you knew the Plot. *(Aside.*
Enter

The OPERATOR:

Enter the Footboy.

Boy. Sir, here's a Gentlewoman wants you.

Ocul. What Gentlewoman?

Boy. She says, she keeps a Tavern in *Drury-Lane*.

Ocul. Take her into a Room till I come, I suppose she will have Occasion for a Bolus, and two at Night, and three in the Morning. I know no more of rightly curing the Case of the Hundreds than I did at first that of the Eyes; however, I shall get Money by her; I'll to her. *(Exit.*

Deeds. You see now, Ladies, the Doctor's Ignorance; for I see as well as ye. *(pulls off the Cloth.)* Now *Sarah*, my Girl, it is Time to march off with me; let's go and divert ourselves.

(Carries her off, she snapping her Fingers, and saying, Adieu Oculist. Exeunt.

Suk. On my troth, I wish he had taken me; I hope it will come to my Turn! The Doctor will be in a confounded Pother; but I knew she would never be content with one Dish of Meat when she may have two.-- Variety is pleasing; I'm much of *Sarah Private's* Mind.--The Plot has taken.

Enter Oculist.

What alone, where's your Company?

Suk. Why the Birds are flown; the young Lawyer has robbed you; *Sarah* is gone with him; but what to do, or where, is the Question; but he can see as well as you, his Peepers are very good;--he's not blind, Doctor.

Ocul. He see? impossible; it can't be. Gone with him? Oons, a Son of a Bitch! for what? whither? why, it must then be *Temple's* Contrivance! I thought you said he was a Friend, trusty, honest.

Suk.

Suk. Why, I thought so; but you know a Lawyer will deceive the Devil, and he's cunninger than I.-- I persuaded her against it till I talk'd myself black in the Face; it has so disordered me, that I wish you would send for half a Pint of Dr. *Stephens's* Water.

Ocul. Dr. Devil's Water! you know you can't have less than two Gallons now.

Suk. Then two Gallons I'll have, so pray get it; I shan't be above a Week using it; I say, let me have it.

Ocul. Well, well, four Gallons, if you will; don't serve me as she has done.

Suk. None of your Frights and Fears.-- Perhaps I may tho'. (*Aside.*)

Enter the Footboy.

Boy. Sir, here's a Letter.

Ocul. Give it me. (*reads.*)

An Earl has sent for me, I must go. Day, day, *Sukey*; you had as good withdraw; for I expect my Wife home. (*Exit.*)

Suk. Yes, an Earl in Petticoats, i'faith.--I'll to *Sarah* and the young Lawyer, and fare as they fare. (*Exit.*)

A Knocking at the Door.

Enter Hurry's Wife.

Wife. Is your Master at Home?

Boy. No, Madam, an Earl sent for him.

Wife. That's well, if true; but he'll lye as fast as *Hurry*. (*I doubt it. Aside.*)-- Has any Body been here since I was out?

Boy. Yes, Madam, there was Company.

Wife. Did your Master get any Money of them? I'll to his Budgets, and see what use he has made of his Time; for if he don't get Money, I'm sure he'll hang himself, or will have Occasion to do it. (*Aside.*) (*Exit.*)

SCENE

SCENE III.

Mr. Deeds, Sarah, Sukey, Temple, at a Table, with Bottles, Glasses, and Cards before them.

Deeds. I Always had a mean Opinion of the Oculist's Skill, but could scarcely believe it so little as to let my Plot pals upon him. I thought he might possibly discover it; I was afraid too.

Suk. When the Doctor found you was gone, *Sarah*, he was in a consumed Taking; swore he'd never have to do with your Lips more, and talk'd of arguing the Matter with *Mr. Temple* with a Blunderbuss and forty Balls in a Saw-pit; but I believe he'll rather suffer himself to be non-suited.

Tem. I am much of your Mind about the Oculist's Fury; I believe I shall rest in a whole Skin: Blusterers usually turn out Cowards, and the Brave say the least.-- My Service to you, Madam. *(drinks to one.)*

Sar. What silly Creatures Men are! they imagine when they have Favours of a Woman, that no Body has such but themselves.—Your Health, Sir. *(drinks.)*

Tem. Faith, my Girl, thou'dst let me into the Secret; but whatever other Men may think, it's what I always suspected.

Sar. Truth will out; but I should have remember'd you were present, *Mr. Temple.*

Suk. I have told you before now you are a Blab. But *Mr. Temple*, suppose you had a Girl all to yourself? Why you'd starve her, as truly as the great *Turk* must do, who has

A BALLAD OPPEA.

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a thousand poor Women; they must have a sad Time of it!
Your Health, Sir. (drinks.)

Deeds. You put me in Mind of an Event that made me laugh once, when walking into a Field with a Gentleman and his Lady, the Gentleman saw a good Number of Cows, and one Bull among them: Poor Bull, says he. -- When his Wife answered with some Haste, -- Poor Cows! to have but one Bull among them all!

A I R VI.

*When first the fond Youth is possest
Of her whom he had long carest,
The Object such Joy does impart,
Love only finds Room in his Heart;
But ere a Month's spent,
Farewel to Content,
And ev'ry Expression that's civil;
She grows proud and vain,
Coquets with each Swain,
And wishes her Spouse at the Devil.*

A I R VII.

I.

Sukey.

*And can you blame the tender Wife
Who tries to make the most of Life?
Flying a surly Husband's Arms,
To give some tender Swain her Charms.*

II. For

II.

*For why shou'd Men expect that we
Shou'd bear our Chains, while they go free?
Or with a hopelefs Passion burn,
Which they, unkind, will ne'er return?*

III.

*'Tis Love alone can Love secure,
And make the Marriage-Peace endure.
For Women ne'er wou'd go astray,
Did not Mankind first point the Way.*

Deeds. I have heard, that Doctor *Hurry* the Occulif

Suk. He had better play Tragedy than play the Devil, as he does now ; for he plays such Tricks, that he never dares play twice in the same Place.

Sar. That's true, indeed, he out-does *Fawkes*. Never did any Legerdemain Man, Juggler, Gipsy, or Fortune-teller juggle People out of their Money like him ; but it's well for us, my Girl, he does ; we have juggled a little as well as he ; and to say the Truth, as the World goes now, it's all a Juggle.

Tem. I find, Madam, you do (what is called) know the World ; for so it is now-a-days ; but pray, does our Oculif intend to leave *England*?

Suk. Faith, Mr. *Temple*, needs must when somebody drives. Necessity has no Law ; I believe there's a Must in the Case.

Tem. I understand you ; but what brought Things to that Pass ?

Suk.

Suk. Even the Petticoats, Mr. *Temple*; you Lawyers are as fond of them as any Body; you see how it is.

Sar. You may as well talk to a Widow against a second Marriage, as to a young Lawyer on the Topick you do; it's lost Labour.

Deeds. But whither is our Oculist going? For it's said he'll travel.

Suk. Even to bite three Quarters of the Globe, as he has done these three Kingdoms.

Tem. But if he should pretend to work the Miracles in *Spain* or *Italy* that he does here, *Signor Si* and *Si Signor* might chance to burn him for a Witch; for they'll suffer no Body to perform Miracles but themselves.-- Come, the Glas stands still; a Health to ye both.

Sar. Let us drink one of the most comprehensive Healths in the World, that is, to all Cuckolds.

Suk. Why, in doing so you'll take in two Parts in three of the Town.

Sar. Ay, three Parts in four; I thought you understood casting Accompts better.

Tem. You seem to have a right Notion of Things, my Girls; I have often lent a diligent helping Hand to the laudable Work you mention in this Parish.-- And now you talk of Cuckolds, I remember the *London-Cuckolds* is play'd to-night in *Drury-Lane*; shall we go thither?

Suk. But won't our Oculist be there? He loves making his Neighbours bud in the Front as well as you.

Sar. No, no, he's gone to his Peer in Petticoats, his Earl he talk'd of; he's taken up for this Time.

Tem. Then let's go, it's Time.

(*Exeunt.*)

E

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Dr. Hurry the Oculist, in a Bawdy-House, with three Girls at Cards.

1st Girl. **W**HY, Doctor, you play *à la mode de Paris*.
2d Girl. There is no holding him.

Ocul. I do every Thing *à la mode de Paris*, Madam, but fast; I hate fasting; I can't abide your meagre Days.

3d Girl. Come, Doctor, a new Game. What shall we play for?

Ocul. For forty Kisses.

1st Girl. Doctor, I advise you not to wager any more Kisses than you can pay; you must never baulk the Women.

2d Girl. Baulk them he will, if he makes his Promises too great.

3d Girl. Ay, ay, Doctor, have a care what you do, --- don't be rash, and promise greater Sums than you are able to answer.

Ocul. I see it signifies nothing to bully or brag to the Ladies; they will bring Affairs to a Trial; there's no passing for a Man of Courage with you by Words.

1st Girl. You say right, dear Doctor, nothing but Fact for us.

2d Girl. You have been a Traveller, Doctor; pray, Sir, your Opinion of the Ladies of other Nations? are they as kind as here?

Ocul.

Ocul. Why, Madam, the Women in *Holland* are kind enough, and would be kinder, were it not for the seeming Austerity of their Governors, who, by the bye, love a Wench for all that; but they are so ill-natur'd there, that if a Man does but pop or put his Noddle out of Window with a Night-cap on, where any of the *Dutch* Frows are, they'll interpret it after their own Reckoning, and be sure to get a Finger in his Purse. The Women there eat mostly Fish, that stirs them up to Love.--- As for the *French* Women at *Paris*, few die Maids; they will have their Teeming-time, if there be a Man left in the Kingdom. I enquir'd one Day at the Hospital for Foundlings, how many came in that Day, and was answered, but few, fix and thirty. To say the Truth, the Ladies there are very come-at-able,--especially the Booksellers Wives.

1st Girl. But about the Women of--

Ocul. Pray, Madam, ask me no farther about the Women, that was not my chief Business; my Business was with the *Louis d'Ors*; but i'faith they are found very sparingly among People.

2d Girl. Are you married, Doctor?

Ocul. No, Madam; I've play'd many idle Tricks in my Time, but none so bad as that; No, no, Madam:--I have a fond Girl, that calls herself my second Wife, that follow'd me from the Country.

3d Girl. 'Tis pity so accomplish'd a Gentleman should not have a Lady!

Ocul. Ay, Madam, now you use the Word Lady, I can assure you, I don't question honouring the Woman, that may be my Wife, with Ladyship; for I shall not fail of being knighted for my Performances.

2d Girl. I shall recommend you a Wife, Sir; how heavy must she be?

Ocul. No Matter how many, tho' I have one already.
(*aside.*) O very weighty, Madam, I've twenty thousand Pounds of my own; (tho', I believe, I shall soon be obliged to steer off. (*aside.*))

1st Girl. Well, Doctor, I'll not forget the Business.

A I R VIII.

I.

*See Tricksey shine out in the Boxes,
You'd think her of Wealth possess,
Tho' but one of the common Doxies;
Appearance is seldom just.*

II.

*A Girl that is artfully painted
For a Beauty we oft mistake;
And if finely drest, it is granted
She can a few Thousands stake.*

III.

*But a little cooler Reflection
Makes us see both as we ought;
The fair Lady with thousand Specks on,
And the gay one not worth a Groat.*

Ocul.

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Ocul. Come, my Dears, one Kifs. *(kisses them.)*

3d Girl. It would have looked better to ask for one and twenty.--- It would seem that we have more need of getting you a Wife.

Ocul. Adieu, Ladies, I must be gone; I expect many Nobility to see my Operations.

1st Girl. But, Doctor, hark you, you don't mind the main Chance, what's that Ring there?

Ocul. O dear Ladies, the Ring is not mine; but here's half a Crown.

2d Girl. What for three? what ten Pence a-piece? is that *à la mode de Paris?*

Ocul. I will soon see you again, my Dears, adieu. *(Exit.)*

1st Girl. You know he's a Scrub, we will be even with him.

2d Girl. He has a Wife, has he not?

3d Girl. Ay, ay, every Body knows that.

1st Girl. Scoundrel! come, let us go.

(Exeunt omnes.)



SCENE

SCENE V.

Hurry's House, and he in his Silk Gown.

Ocul. **G**Arçon, has any Body been here since I went out to my Lord's?

Boy. Yes, Sir, several People.

Ocul. Who were they, any Quality?

Boy. No, Sir, they came, they came —

Ocul. For what? for what? speak, Puppy.

Boy. Why, Sir, they came —

Ocul. What did they come for?

Boy. My Miftrefs knows, Sir.

Ocul. Why, if you know, and don't tell me this Moment, I'll tumble you down Stairs.

Boy. Why, Sir, they came a dunning for Money; my Miftrefs knows best.--I'm fure I thought they would eat me.

(Aside.

Ocul. Go call your Miftrefs.

Boy. Yes, Sir.

(Goes in a great Hurry.

Ocul. What the Devil fends these Duffers now with their Bills, Bonds, and Dues? I've nothing for them. *(pauses.)* I'll e'en invite them all to a Tavern, stuff them, bung their Eyes, as they call it, leave them to pay the Reckoning, sneak off, and set out on my Tour; I'll do it.

Enter Oculist's Wife.

Wife. Do you hear? do you know who has been here? Go, you Boy, into the Yard, and give my Monkey some Water.

(Exit Boy.

This

A BALLAD OPERA.

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This Puppy need not hear all neither.-- Before I tell you who has been here, where have you been? I thought you went to an Earl's. I'm afraid your Funds are the Refunds. I suppose you are lighter instead of heavier. I often told you what would come of you. You'll come to the *Rules* over the Water, if you don't run for it.

Ocul. Say no more, I have concluded on it; I'll pay 'em all; but pray, who was it that was here?

Wife. Why, your Taylor, your Chairman, the Man that furnishes your Horses, and more, more. I thought they would have untiled the House.

A Knocking at the Door.

Ocul. Garçon, see who is there.

Boy. More with Bills, I dare say.

(Aside.

Enter a Barber.

Bar. Look you, Doctor, I have waited till I can wait no longer; I'll be paid.

Ocul. So you shall, my Dear, meet me by and by at the *Horn Tavern Westminster*, at Dinner,-- where you shall pay for it.

(Aside.

Bar. So I will; your Servant.

A Knocking.

Enter a Washerwoman.

Wash. I come for my Money, Sir, and won't go without it. How do you think I should keep nine Children, and perhaps may have nine more?

Ocul. What, has your Husband so many Children?

Wash. I have them, Sir, and that's enough for my Husband. I should think him very saucy, if he should ask any Questions about it. He may as well be a contented Cuckold as a discontented one.

Ocul.

The OPERATOR:

Ocul. Mistress, meet me by and by at the *Horn Tavern Westminster* to Dinner, and you shall be satisfied.---I'll try to talk with this Woman alone; I like her, (*aside.*) What signifies one Child added to the Number? what if she had ten? (*Aside.*

Wash. Shall you be there, Sir?

Ocul. As sure as you; you need not let your Husband come, I'll satisfy you.

Wash. Thank you, Sir. (*Exit.*

A Knocking.

Ocul. Who the Plague is that? I thought all had been here before.

Enter a petty Schoolmaster.

School. Sir, here's your Bill, I can't do without Money.

Ocul. What's it for?

Schoolm. For teaching you three Months to spell.

Ocul. Hold your Tongue. (*whispers to him.*) Come to me at the *Horn Tavern Westminster*, and you shall receive ample Satisfaction.

Schoolm. The *Horn Tavern*, Sir; what Time?

Ocul. To Dinner, to Dinner.

Schoolm. But, Sir,---I forgot two Spelling-Books in the Account; Madam's Monkey tore one.

Ocul. Well, well, be there two and twenty, come and take your Money.---He shall have the Monkey and Wife both for the Books, if he will. (*Aside.*

A Knocking.

Ocul. There's no End of 'em; see who is there.

Boy. It's the Nurse, Sir, that used to ask for you.

Ocul. O'pox, I must stop her Wind-pipe, or all will out about the Child I have at Nurse at *Holloway*;--- my Wife will get hold of the Story. (*Aside.*

Enter

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. How d'ye, Sir.

Ocul. Hark you, say no more; here's a Guinea, and I'll call on you to-morrow with the rest; be gone.—She shall have no more.

(Aside

(Exit Woman.

Ocul. I'll to the Tavern; if any more of these Customers come, send them thither.

(Exit.

SCENE VI.

A Tavern, with several Trade's-people in a Room.

Furnisher **I** Believe we are all come on the same Errand; I *of Horses.* wish it mayn't be a Fool's! I don't like this *Oculist*; I heard of his Fame before I left *Newcastle*; he's on Record all over *Yorkshire*; they'll never forget him there.

Bar. Then I perceive we all come for Payment; I wish it be not all done with a wet Finger; my Heart goes pitty-pat; for if I should go home empty-handed, my Wife won't spare my Ears.

Schoolm. Let us have a little Patience, who knows? perhaps our Fears are greater than need; tho' I must own, I think ours a doubtful Case; but hush, I think I hear him coming.

F

Enter

The OPERATOR:

Enter Oculist, very fine.

Ocul. Gentlemen, your Servant,—Come, we will be as merry as good Liquor will make us, and then to our Business; Gentlemen, here's a Health to ye all. *(drinks.*

Schoolm. We will drink yours, Doctor.

(all drink.

Bar. Come, Gentlemen, another Health; to all that love a Wench; I know the Doctor will drink it.

Furnish. Ay, ay, freight your Vessels, and unload again. *(all fill their Glasses, and drink.*

A I R IX.

*Let us drink, and ne'er cease,
'Twill drive away Care;
Good Liquor brings Peace,
And rubs off Despair.
Drink freely, drink freely, and sing,
Again and again the Bell ring;
'Twill make us good Company, frolick and gay;
And what is still better,—there's nothing to pay.*

Chorus. 'Twill make us, &c.

Ocul. Come, Gentlemen, Prosperity to Trade.

(drinks, and all drink.

Enter a Drawer.

Drawer. Doctor, there's one below would speak with you.

Ocul. With me, I'll come.—Gentlemen, by your Leave.

(Exit.

Schoolm.

Schoolm. I find we shall be very merry to-day, and not a Doit to pay; it's all Scot-free.—I wish we may have some Punch! Punch is a glorious Liquor; none of your strong Ales for my Money.

Bar. Why, I have heard the Doctor has no Generosity; but it's a base lying World; it's hard to please People with one's Actions; I find it so myself, tho' I'm a Man of Honour.

Furnish. I like the Doctor better than I did, and shall like him better by and by, when I have given him a Receipt.

Enter Landlord.

Land. Your Servant, Gentlemen, wou'd you please to have any Thing else; or shall I bring your Bill?

Schoolm. Bill!—Bill!—why it's the Doctor's Bill; we have nothing to do with Bills.

Land. The Doctor is gone, and it's said, Abroad; he told me you were to pay, and so don't make Words in my House, otherwise I shall take my own Measures with you.

Furnish. Oons, gone,—gone,—where? how?

Bar. O Rogue! he's what I suspected.—We are bit, good Folks;—what say you, Mr. Pawnbroker?

Pawn. Why, you are all pawned, so had as good lug out.

Schoolm. I taught him to spell, it seems, at an easy Rate.

A I R

The OPERATOR.

A I R X.

Pawn. *Had I thought that this Rogue wou'd have cheated me so,
I'd had laid him in Jail above two Months ago.*

Barb. *Or had I but thought he wou'd so have behav'd,
I'd have cut the Dog's Throat the last Time he was shar'd.*

Horse. *Had I but suspected, I'd have sav'd you the Stroke,
And sent him a Horse that his Neck wou'd have broke.*

School. *To pay this great Reckoning now gives me most Pain;
But I ne'er from this Time will drink Claret again.*

Pawn. *This Fellow's vile Tricks wou'd a Nation deceive,
And henceforth a Doctor I'll never believe:
But let us be gay, and our Losses despise;
And rejoice that we've safely escap'd with our Eyes.*

Chorus. *But let us be gay, &c.*

F I N I S.



